

A Welcome Announcement! Albert W. Aiken's "Strange Girl," a New England Love Story, will soon be commenced in the Saturday Journal.

NEW YORK SATURDAY JOURNAL

STAR FOR PLEASURE & PLENTY

A POPULAR PAPER

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No. 138.



She grasped her rifle, and drawing back the hammer, took steady aim.

DEATH-NOTCH, THE DESTROYER: OR, THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES.

Author of "Hawkeye Harry," "Boy Spy," "Ironsides, the Scout," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A WHITE, WHITE FACE.

The scene changes. It is midday. The sun looks down from a clear sky. The air is cool and bracing, and comes laden with a fresh perfume, sweet as the delicious fragrance of Arab or Ind. The forest is redolent with its songs of nature—who has not heard them in the wilderness?

It was like walking through a wildwood just from the hands of the Creator, to traverse that forest, where, but the night before, the storm-winds wrestled with the giant trees, and where death and mystery stalked abroad. And the river, which had broken from its confines and rushed and roared across the lowlands, had spent its fury and might, and shrank back within its channels.

No sound could be heard nor a living object seen. The place seemed tenantless—an uninhabited solitude—unpressed by the foot of man or beast—a hollow temple, or the home of invisible spirits.

But this was not the case. There was life within the forest and upon the river.

As the sun declined westward from his noon-day meridian, a small bark canoe shot suddenly out into the river from the mouth of a little creek, over whose waters the dense foliage formed a dark, green archway.

In the little craft was seated a maiden, who had scarcely passed her sixteenth summer. She was a being of rare loveliness—syphilitic in form and feature. Her eyes were dark and lustrous, and shaded by long silken lashes. A wealth of dark hair was gathered back from a brow of Grecian mold and permitted to flow in rippling waves down over her snowy neck and shoulders.

She was dressed in a frock reaching only to her knees, and made in a style harmonizing with her form and beauty. A little straw hat, probably the labor of her own hands, crowned her head.

Before her lay a small silver-mounted knife, while in her belt she wore a small stiletto-like knife.

She handled the paddle with great skill and dexterity, and sent the little craft flying up the stream, keeping within the shadows of the western bank.

A bright, healthful glow was upon her soft, rosy cheeks, and a sparkling light in her dark eyes.

Lightly the little canoe danced over the waters, while its fair occupant kept a close watch around her, as if expecting some one, or as if on the look-out for danger. She continued to paddle her canoe on up the stream, never permitting her vigilance to relax for a moment.

At length her eye was arrested by a number of dark specks sailing in the air, some distance up the river. They were buzzards.

And the forest beauty knew that their presence was attracted there by something below—something that promised them a feast.

They might be only following a party of savages like the sneaking wolf, for by instinct these birds have learned that the tail of a war-party is invariably marked with bloodshed and deserted quarry.

The maiden permitted the canoe to come to a stand while she watched the circling birds. She saw at once they were coming closer and closer, and seemed to be following the course of the river. She felt satisfied that it was some object floating in the bosom of the stream that the filthy birds were following. It might be a lifeless carcass, or, perchance, a convoy of savages going down the river. Started by the fast thought, and grasping the paddle firmly, she ran her canoe close in shore, and concealed herself under some drooping willows in a little cove, from whence she could still command a view of the river, some distance above.

She saw the buzzards still approaching—at times settling down almost to the trees, then starting up again as if with affright. She now felt sure they were following a party of Indians, and listened intently to catch the dip of their paddles, or some sound that would confirm her belief.

But she heard nothing. The birds came closer and closer—now so near that she can see their bald heads and naked coral necks bent downward toward the bosom of the river.

It did not require a second thought to decide the maiden's course of action. A few strokes of her paddle carried the little craft alongside of the floating log. She drew the keen little blade from her belt, and hastily severed the thongs that bound the beautiful young stranger in his awful position.

He was totally unconscious, and it required a great effort of the maiden to lift his form in her canoe. But she accomplished it with safety, and a murmur of thanks to Heaven issued from her tremulous lips. The next moment she was driving her canoe rapidly down the river.

the forest beauty, and horror is stamped upon her fair, sweet face. Upon the log she sees a human form lashed. It is the form of a man. It is bound upon the back, while the white, white face is staring heavenward. But there is no motion in it. It is lifeless!

CHAPTER XII.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

LIKE a graven image, the forest beauty sat with eyes fixed on the terrible sight before her—a man, apparently dead, and lashed upon a floating log.

As the terrible object came nearer, she saw that the unfortunate being was a white man—a mere youth. His arms were bent backward, and bound in a painful position. His clothes were soaking wet, and his dark hair was tangled over his head and neck in dripping masses.

Human pity and kindness asserted their power within the breast of the maiden. She knew at once some cruel foe had placed that unfortunate youth there, and she resolved to free him. But would it be of earthly use? Was he not beyond human aid?—dead?

The maiden gazed intently at him for this information. To her horror and disgust she saw a large buzzard settle down on the log, by the motionless head of the youth. Her soul sickened with a strange horror and suspense, for the next instant she expected to see the filthy bird bury its beak in the eyes of the dead. But a thought struck her—she would prevent the mutilation of that fair, boyish face.

She grasped her rifle and drew back the hammer. Just then she saw the vulture crane its neck and peer down into the pale, upturned face before it, with an almost human interrogative look. Then it uttered a startled cry, spread its great somber wings, and rose aloft into the air.

A cry of joy burst involuntarily from the maiden's lips. To her the bird's actions spoke plainer than words. The youth bound upon the log was not dead!

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She grasped her rifle, and drawing back the hammer, took steady aim.

She soon came to the mouth of the little creek from which she had debouched into the river, a few minutes before. Up this green archway, sweet and cool as an Arcadian aisle, she headed her tiny craft, and plied the paddle with all the vigor her delicate frame possessed.

Ever and anon she gazed down into the unconscious face before her. It was boyish in feature, yet manly in expression. It was handsome, and wore a look of refinement; and the maiden's heart beat wildly and joyfully in eager anticipation of the moment when those eyes would open and those pale lips speak to her.

On she drove the canoe. She had traveled over half a mile, when she turned abruptly to the left, and entered the mouth of another stream. This she followed through dark forest and under tangled foliage for some fifty rods, where she suddenly burst into a little sunlit glade, in the center of which stood a little vine-embowered cabin.

The unconscious young stranger in his strong arms, carried him to the cabin and placed him on a soft couch.

"Now, Vida," said Ralph, "you will

have to be spry. We'll have to labor long and hard to bring him to life. While I

chafe the limbs and bathe his brow, you

prepare some strong herb tea for stimulants.

I see, little Vida, the handsome face of the stranger has awakened a wonderful interest in your young heart."

Tears of joy gathered in Vida's eyes.

The long lashes drooped upon the olive cheeks, and a crimson flush swept over her pretty face.

She made no reply to her brother's remark, but turned away, and was soon busy in another apartment, preparing stimulants for the young, unconscious stranger.

Ralph St. Leger

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW EXISTENCE.

When Fred Travis recovered from the stunning blow, which he was sure had been dealt him by Death-Notch, he first became conscious of the fact that he was lying upon a soft couch, while dark walls surrounded him. He could not recall his situation. His senses were confused and bewildered, his brain was feverish and excited. Weird visions of demons were flitting before his eyes, and now and then, he could see a colossal shadow pass before him.

He was conscious of existence, yet he was in doubt as to the state of that existence.

His surroundings did not seem of earth. He had surely passed into another sphere. His senses struggled to assert their former power, but something like a vague charm held them astound—charmed that no effort of his own will could break.

But, suddenly, a sound like that of a

footstep broke upon his ear, and that

strange spell was broken, and reason with

Fred Travis had asserted its throne.

He started up and gazed in confusion around him. He felt of his aching, throbbing head. A bandage was upon it.

But where was he? He gazed around

the room in which he lay. It was almost

dark, yet he was enabled to see its outer

walls were made of logs. Before him hung

a curtain that separated his room from one

more commodious. He drew aside the cur-

tain and looked out into the apartment.

He started with surprise. The room was

flooded with the light of day and furnished

with the elegance of an Oriental boudoir!

The walls were covered with woven hang-

ings of a rich, harmonious color that formed

a beautiful background for the pictures

that adorned it. The floor was covered

with a carpet of curiously-wrought material that looked like Spanish moss woven in with silken threads. There was a table in one corner upon which were books of various kinds, and a vase of flowers that diffused their sweet perfume through the room. A beautiful cornucopia hung upon the wall and was filled with fragrant flowers and fruits fresh from the wildwood. Upon a low ottoman near a little window lay a strung musical instrument.

Fred Travis was dumbfounded. He could scarcely believe the evidences of his own eyes. Whose home was he in? Surely he had been transported to some other realm. No wildwood home could be so comfortable and luxurious as that.

He starts. He hears a soft footstep entering the room. He drops the curtain, and lays back upon the couch. He sees a shadow fit across the curtain. It was the shadow of a woman. Was it an angel?

He had scarcely asked himself the question when the sound of music broke upon his ears, sweet, harmonious and dulcet-like in its strains. Some one was playing on the instrument he had seen lying upon the ottoman. The air was solemn and slow, and awakened every emotion in the young man's breast. He listened to the music, entirely enraptured. Suddenly the clear, sweet voice of a woman entered into the melody with a harmonious accompaniment, and to Fred it seemed as though an angel's voice was pouring out its inspirations in one holy, enchanting strain. He listened for several moments. The music had now descended to one of those low, dying chords which the ear devours so eagerly, and he could no longer resist the desire that tempted his heart. He lifted one corner of the curtain, and gazed, unobserved, upon the sweet, fair face of the young singer, Vida St. Leger.

For fully a minute he feasted his eyes upon her form and face, his very soul entranced, not only by the rapturous melody of her voice, but the loveliness of her features.

At length he sank back upon his couch, his heart in a tumult of emotions. And now his mind became actively engaged in thought. Somewhere he had seen that fair face before. Was it not in his dreams? He thought long. One by one he recalled the incidents of the past two days.

He started suddenly with a strange shudder. It was the same face as that of the youthful horseman that he and his friends had seen the day before, galloping through the woods in male attire—the same whom Omaha had said was Death-Notch!

But, that such a fair, delicate creature could be so terrible a being as the young Scalp-Hunter, seemed utterly preposterous.

Who was she? Surely not a demon in angel disguise.

At last the music ceased. Then Fred heard her footsteps approaching him.

The curtain was drawn aside, and the eyes of Vida St. Leger met those of her invalid protege.

She started slightly on seeing his eyes were open, and gazing up into hers with a conscious light; but, quickly recovering from her sudden emotion, she said:

"You are better, I see, young stranger."

Her voice thrilled Fred's heart with renewed strength and hope.

"Indeed, fair maiden," he replied, rising to his elbow, "I knew not until a few minutes ago that I was in existence since I was stricken down in the forest. But, how came I here?"

"Are you strong enough to hear a long story?" Vida questioned.

"Yes," he replied. "I feel strong as ever." Vida then seated herself near his couch, and narrated to him the terrible position in which she found him; how she had rescued him from the log and carried him home in her canoe, and how, for the remainder of that day and the night that followed, she and her brother had stood over him and labored to rekindle the spark of life that still lingered within his body.

Fred was astounded by her narrative. He knew nothing of the terrible ordeal through which he had passed after he was beaten down on the night of the storm. It was well that he did not.

In the kindest of words he thanked and blessed Vida for her goodness of heart toward him. They talked on—one subject led to another, and finally Vida asked:

"How came you to be beaten down unconscious in the woods? Surely it was not done by an Indian, or he would never have left his work undone, nor taken the trouble to tie you to a log and send you adrift."

"You have heard of Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter, have you not?" Fred asked.

Vida grew pale, and fear seemed to take possession of her.

"Yes," she replied, "I have oftentimes heard of him, and the name fills me with terror."

"It was he that beat me down," said Fred, and he watched the face of the maid closely.

A little cry burst from her lips.

"Death-Notch is a terrible being," she said. "I have never seen him, but within a stone's throw of our cabin, his terrible death-notch is on two or three trees, under which brother Ralph found the lifeless bodies of Indians. I fear him more on brother's account than my own, for he is away so much of the time."

"Is your brother a hunter and trapper?"

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, as with a sudden pang, "I wish you had never asked me that question."

"I beg a thousand pardons, dear girl," said Fred, apologetically; "you need not answer my question if it is distasteful to you!"

"I would like to answer the question if I could," Vida replied, sadly, "but my brother's calling is unknown to me. He hunts and traps, it is true, but only sufficient for our sustenance. I am afraid that there is something he is keeping concealed from me. He is away from home most of his time, and when I ask him where he has been, and about his success, he evades both questions. But he is the only friend I have, and I love him with all the fervor of a sister's heart, and I know he loves me. During the eight months we have dwelt here in this secluded spot, you are the first person who has been in our house besides ourselves; and yours is the first white face, besides brother's, that I have seen for months, although the settlement of Stony Cliff is only twenty miles from here. But I am afraid to go there."

"Why so?" asked Fred.

"I love my brother, as I said before. And I have a suspicion of what he follows, and to you I shall confide my suspicions."

"You can do so, dear girl, with perfect

safety. Not one word will I breathe to a living soul. I would not—I could not betray the hand that rescued me from death."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she cried joyfully. "It is so nice to have one in whom you can confide, and I hope brother will yet explain away the secret which I feel certain is connected with his absence. My suspicions, however, are that he is one of Pirate Paul's robbers, if he is not Pirate Paul himself."

"What have you upon which to base your opinion, besides his refusing to account for his constant absence from home?" asked Fred.

"I have found letters in his pockets directed to Pirate Paul, but written in cipher. But, hark! I hear a footprint. Brother is coming!"

She dropped the curtain and turned aside, while Fred again lay down upon his couch.

Then he heard the door swing open and a footprint cross the threshold. He heard the sister's kiss, and welcome greeting and a kiss. Then he heard the brother say:

"You are looking both troubled and pleased, my little sister. Why is it? Is not your handsome young patient better?"

Fred did not hear her answer, for that voice froze his blood almost with terror.

It was the voice of Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAGIC RING.

THEY met at their old trysting-place—Ralph St. Leger and Sylveen Gray.

Ralph was looking a little pale and worn, while Sylveen's face wore a bright smile and her heart was throbbing wildly under the emotions of anxiety and fear—anxiety to test the power of the ring which Martha Gregory had given her, and a fear that it would prove her handsome boy-lover a prairie pirate, as Scott Shirely had declared to her.

After their first greeting, Sylveen said:

"You look tired and exhausted, Ralph."

"I am a little tired, dear Sylveen," the youth replied. "I have traveled far this morning."

"Just to meet me, Ralph?" queried the maiden, a tender light beaming in her eyes.

"Yes, sweet Sylveen. To keep my promise with you. I would let nothing detain me, unless it was death."

"You are very true to me, dear Ralph. But, do you never grow tired of your hunter life—of wandering through the forest alone?"

"I can not say I am entirely alone, Sylveen. Your presence is ever before me to cheer me and give me bright hopes for the future."

Sylveen nestled closer to the manly form of her lover. She could not doubt his honesty of heart. His free, open countenance spoke plainer than words could have done of his innocence. The Hudson Bay Agent must have been mistaken about his being Pirate Paul. The only thing that seemed strange to her about Ralph was in his refusing to go to the settlement and live. But she accounted for this through a boyish bashfulness and reticence, although he appeared like one who had been reared in the company of refined society.

Her greatest fears for him were of Death-Notch, for almost every day came fabulous stories of that terrible being's vengeance. But, then, there is no end to border superstition, and she prayed that those stories might be without any foundation.

They talked on for some time. They were the flower of the tribe in point of bravery and physical strength. They were painted and plumed, until they appeared hideous, and were armed with the best weapons in all the tribe.

These men took their departure on foot, and after journeying through the forest until they came to the river, they changed their direction and followed the course of the stream.

At a rapid pace they pushed on, and the day was half gone when they observed a canoe coming up the river. There was an Indian in it, and a second glance assured the savages that it was a scout who had been sent out from the town a day or two previous.

Red Elk's party at once made their presence known, and soon the scout was in their midst.

"What news does Creepin-Vine bring from the camp of our enemies?" asked Red Elk.

The pale-face enemies are abroad. They are called Avengers, and are led by a dog of an Omaha. Death-Notch still prowls through the woods for the scalps of the Dacotah and Sioux."

"Has Creepin-Vine seen the pale-faces under the Omaha?"

"He has; and has heard them talk. He lay hid under some old leaves when they broke camp. They are now searching for a friend whom they lost on the night of the storm. They fear Death-Notch struck their friend down."

"Then Death-Notch strikes down the pale-faces, too?"

"Yes."

"Where now are those calling themselves The Eight Avengers?"

"On the march. To-night they will encamp on the Hunter's Island, below Eagle Rock."

"How does Creepin-Vine know this?"

"The pale-face lays out his plans and marks out his course before he starts. I heard the Avengers say where they would encamp to-night, before they left their camp this morning."

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Order

"I will do so and so, by-and-by," you say. Did you ever think the by-and-by might never come? You may be ill, or other things may happen to you. If we perform our duties now, we shall not have to blame ourselves in the future. F. S. F.

DO THY LITTLE, DO IT WELL."

No matter what may be your employment, be it ever so little and humble, take interest enough in it to see that you do it well. There is never the slightest gain in shirking work, or to think, because it seems to be trifling, that it is of no use to be over nice in doing it. If you only have the wrappers of a newspaper to direct, do it in a clear and legible hand, and do not scrawl over the paper, as though you were above such employment, and desired to get rid of it as speedily as possible. You'll never make a man of yourself if you do.

It is by attention to little things that we attain to greater ones.

The needle, although a useful article, is comparatively an insignificant one, yet notice how many different hands it passes through ere it arrives at a state of perfection. Each one's work on the same is simple yet important, and were one of the workmen to shirk his duties, the result would be a decided failure.

Notice the hair-spring of a watch, the most unimportant part of the entire time-piece, seemingly; let that get out of order and you will be at a loss to know the hour of the day. And looking upon the matter in a business light, these small things "pay," ten out of a dozen times, in the race with the larger ones. Had any one told you that, by attaching a bit of elastic to a common wooden ball, and getting a patent upon the same, would bring money to a man, you would have laughed at the idea, yet the maker of the "Return Ball" amassed quite a snug little fortune.

Manufacturing candy to sell at five cents a stick does not seem to be on the road to fortune, but it has proved so. A few years ago might be noticed a young man, in front of the Boston post-office, peddling his candy in winter's cold and summer's heat. Next we heard of him as the owner of a factory for the production of his celebrated candy, and the owner of a most beautiful residence in Cambridge. Although there may be a secret as to the composition of his candy, there is no secret about his success. He did his little well, and crept before he strove to climb. Failures ensue in this world because we neglect little things to reach after the greater, and then we murmur because we do not succeed in gaining them.

EVE LAWLESS.

The Well-bred Woman.—Outward Graces and Inner Openings.—Ready-made Garments for Women.

NEATNESS, tidiness and cleanliness are distinguishing marks of the well-bred lady or gentleman, but there is an overfastidiousness about these minor points of good-breeding which a certainly betrays the snob as gilt jewelry, and flashy cravats, and glaring-colored kids. Your would-be lady keeps her hands neat, her nails in exact order, her hair and teeth in a condition that would not offend the most fastidious. Her shoes are never unbuttoned or carelessly laced, her dress is guiltless of dust, or grease-spots, or wine or tea-stains. Her lingerie is spotless, her sitting-room is never in disorder, her dressing-room exceeds every other spot about her house in cleanliness and tidiness and in all this she is a lady; but she never perceives the fact that she has mistaken the external grace for the inward virtue. She sneers at her poor cousin who wears shabby gowns and untidy bodices and gloves, and who makes feeble and futile attempts at keeping up an appearance. She fears the poor girl will obtrude herself at her next reception in that old rusty alpaca dress, and linen collar which was evidently laundered at home by her own toil-marked hands.

She forgets, or rather she has never learned, that the true lady is ever the most intensely, but quietly, independent of human beings—*at*, feeling an inward consciousness of true ladyhood, and knowing her position to be unquestioned by people of good-breeding and good sense, she is not ashamed to walk the street with the poorest-dressed woman in town, nor afraid to invite the shabby gentility of reduced ladyhood to her entertainments. She never calls attention to her own personal neatness or the order and tidiness which reigns in her home. She does not essay to instruct others how they shall brush their teeth, or take their bath, or eat their eggs, or sip their coffee.

These are the externals which, having been attended to, and known from childhood, she wears as easily as she does her Veuve Jouvin kids; and which she never permits to intrude themselves into her conversation, as an annoyance to her friends, who are supposed at least to know them as perfectly as she does herself.

During the last few weeks there has been flutter and commotion in the Woman's World of New York, such as occurs at the commencement of each season.

The openings of the dry goods houses, millinery and dressmaking establishments, and fancy stores, have drawn thousands of eager butterflies and bees who come to admire and purchase, or note and record the onward march of opulence and luxury in our great city; evinced as much by the increase of the dry goods and fancy trade, and the importation of costly robes from the fashion marts of the Old World, as in any other branch of commerce. This year it is estimated that between five thousand and seven thousand costly dresses will be ordered, and sold to customers of the four leading large dry goods houses of New York—the four which are generally known as the "merchant princes" establishments. These five or seven thousand dresses will be those only that cost from \$200 to \$2000 apiece. Five times that number of ready-made and ordered suits will be sold at a cost of from \$30 to \$150 each. These figures are supposed to be a very modest estimate; but they give us some idea of the growth of wealth in our city, and of the importance of the *weaker* (?) sex in the trade and commerce of our great metropolis.

This year witnesses a great accession to the trade in ready-made garments for women and children. There is no earthly reason why women should not be clad in the dresses and underclothing "manufactured for the trade." Men's clothing and underwear is a splendidly successful branch of business in all commercial communities; why should not the women of the land dress in habiliments to be had at the store?

The confined and increasing lack of good dressmakers is an argument not to be resisted, and for this reason many people are now buying the ready-made garment in preference to undergoing the tribulation of buying the goods and having the dress made up. Women are crying out for this and that "right" when it is a fact that every city, town and village in the land is crying out for good and competent dressmakers. The desire to live a "lady-like" life is doing dreadful work with women; and, as a consequence, we shall see men coming in strong handed to carry on the business, which ought to be wholly woman's own.

Near here is a field of large diamonds, which are so plentiful that the ignorant people use them for foundations to their houses. I threw away all my provisions and got a four-hundred-pounder on my back and carried it some miles, but gave out and threw it by. I would have given it for a square meal if it would have bought it.

Letters are the golden chain that links our hearts together. Surely a few words are not much to ask, when they will bring such a plentiful reward; so, when you think of the loved ones, do not procrastinate to send them your letters.

Procrastinators are never happy objects to contemplate, and they are never happy themselves; they put off doing this and doing that, until they are fairly—perhaps unfairly—more appropriate word—bowed down under an accumulation of duties, which should have been done, and then they scarcely know at which end to commence, and so continue to procrastinate.

In the interior I discovered a race of people who were so tall (owing to the soil which they lived on) that they were obliged to climb up a ladder to blow their noses. They take an ox in one hand and eat him up alive. One of them walked over me once without seeing me, and stabbed his toe against me and I went three miles a-flying. That was the worst kick I ever luxuriated in.

Delicious fruit I discovered in abundance. The pine trees were laden with sweet pine apples; the pear trees were breaking down with ripe parrots; on the crab-apple trees hung great clusters of mellow soft-shell crab; the boot trees were full of boots just beginning to turn red at the tops; the lime trees were white with bushels of lime, unslacked; the bread-fruit trees bent with their load of bread, in large and small-sized loaves and light biscuit; the apricot trees were covered with ripe plum-bobs and plumbagoes; the date tree was never out of date; and the fruitful plane tree was full of luscious carpenter's planes, and inclined planes.

One day, while going through the jungles, I heard people talking. They proved to be a crowd of gorillas. The head man came and shook hands with me, and had many questions to ask about Dr. Darwin, who, he said, was the patron saint of his tribe, which reverenced him for putting them on a proper footing with their stuck-up relations. He said some of the Darwin family were still among them. When I departed they gave me three cheers and a tiger.

But I discovered that it is time for me to close. As Stanley is already at lunch, my thanks for any thing to eat will be small if I do not hurry. Yours truly,

LIVINGSTONE.

Woman's World.

The Well-bred Woman.—Outward Graces and Inner Openings.—Ready-made Garments for Women.

NEATNESS, tidiness and cleanliness are distinguishing marks of the well-bred lady or gentleman, but there is an overfastidiousness about these minor points of good-breeding which a certainly betrays the snob as gilt jewelry, and flashy cravats, and glaring-colored kids. Your would-be lady keeps her hands neat, her nails in exact order, her hair and teeth in a condition that would not offend the most fastidious.

Her shoes are never unbuttoned or carelessly laced, her dress is guiltless of dust, or grease-spots, or wine or tea-stains. Her lingerie is spotless, her sitting-room is never in disorder, her dressing-room exceeds every other spot about her house in cleanliness and tidiness and in all this she is a lady; but she never perceives the fact that she has mistaken the external grace for the inward virtue. She sneers at her poor cousin who wears shabby gowns and untidy bodices and gloves, and who makes feeble and futile attempts at keeping up an appearance.

She fears the poor girl will obtrude herself at her next reception in that old rusty alpaca dress, and linen collar which was evidently laundered at home by her own toil-marked hands.

She forgets, or rather she has never learned, that the true lady is ever the most intensely, but quietly, independent of human beings—*at*, feeling an inward consciousness of true ladyhood, and knowing her position to be unquestioned by people of good-breeding and good sense, she is not ashamed to walk the street with the poorest-dressed woman in town, nor afraid to invite the shabby gentility of reduced ladyhood to her entertainments. She never calls attention to her own personal neatness or the order and tidiness which reigns in her home. She does not essay to instruct others how they shall brush their teeth, or take their bath, or eat their eggs, or sip their coffee.

These are the externals which, having been attended to, and known from childhood, she wears as easily as she does her Veuve Jouvin kids; and which she never permits to intrude themselves into her conversation, as an annoyance to her friends, who are supposed at least to know them as perfectly as she does herself.

At about six o'clock in the morning of the 11th, the first person was landed by this means; and afterward, by an improvement in rigging the rope, and placing each individual in slings, they were with greater facility extricated from the wreck; but during the passage thither it was with the utmost difficulty that the unfortunate sufferers could maintain their hold, as the sea beat over them; some were dragged to the shore in a state of insensibility. Lieutenant Wilson was lost, being unable to hold on the rope with his hands; he was twice struck by the sea, fell backward out of the slings, and after swimming for a considerable time among the floating wrecks, by which he was struck on the head, he perished. Many who threw themselves overboard, trusting for their safety to swimming, were lost; they were dashed to pieces by the surf on the rocks, or by the floating fragments of the wreck.

The rope at length, by constant working, and by swinging across the sharp rock, was cut in two; there being no means of replacing it, the spectacle became more than ever terrific; the sea beating over the wreck with great violence, washed numbers overboard; and at last the wreck breaking up at the stern from midships and forecastle, precipitated all that remained into one common destruction.

It is difficult to paint the horror of the scene. Children clinging to their parents for help; parents themselves struggling with death, and stretching out their feeble arms to save their children, dying within their grasp.

The total number of persons lost was two hundred and eight, and one hundred and seventy-seven were saved.

Made up in large establishments, with the system, skill and economy which spring from combined labor, these dresses are cheaper than if made up by the ordinary dressmaker, and are, usually, more stylish. We shall, therefore, see a more general appreciation of store garments, and a falling off of dependents on the indifferent dressmaker; and in a few years more we shall have, as a feature of every business town, stores devoted to the sale of ready-made clothing for women, girls and children.

EMILY VERDERY.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully paid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Use India ink for such manuscripts.—Only white stamp account books are used.—No correspondence of any kind is permissible in a package marked as "Book." MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MSS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit, we always prefer the shorter. We prefer to receive both sides of a sheet. Use horizontal lines paper as most convenient to editor and contributor, bearing on each page as it is written, and carefully giving its page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early in the day.—Correspondents must not, in this column, insist in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We shall have to decline "My Cousin and I"; "The Leap-year Party"; "The Thousand Giants"; "My School Days"; "The Last Great Success"; "Robinson Crews"; "A Star"; "The First Pumpkin Pie"; "Howard, the Benefactor"; "A Child's Whim"; "Six Days too Late"; "The Robbers"; "A Society"; "She is Now"; "A Foreign Sheep in Wolves' Clothes"; "Stanbury Ford."

We will give place to "Phantasia"; "The Thousand Giants"; "My School Days"; "The Last Great Success"; "Robinson Crews"; "A Star"; "The First Pumpkin Pie"; "Howard, the Benefactor"; "A Child's Whim"; "Six Days too Late"; "The Robbers"; "A Society"; "She is Now"; "A Foreign Sheep in Wolves' Clothes"; "Stanbury Ford."

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SATURDAY JOURNAL

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A SIGH.

BY LUCILLE C. GREENWOOD.

Birds to sunny realms are flying,
Leaves from trees fall trembling, dying;
I am here alone and sighing,
Sighing sad for thee.

Years ago we stood together
In the golden autumn weather,
Here amid the fading heather;
Now I pine for thee.

Years ago, oh all was gladness,
But years came and turned me sadness;
Years will come and bring me madness;
While I mourn for thee.

Stars the same are brightly shining;
Clouds are gemmed with moonlight lining;
Vines to trees the same are twining,
But thou not to me.

Long has vanished that fair vision
When we hoped through dreams Elysian;
Ere the past is cold decision,
Tearing thee from me.

Lonely in the Autumn weather
I am straying through the heather,
Hoping, ere the leavers wither,
I may be with thee.

Pearls and Plumstones.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"To be sure I need somebody, Mr. Eccles! As if one pair of hands could do every thing that's to be done in this house. Dear knows, I think I earn my salt doing the washing, and ironing, and baking, and sweeping, and sewing, and cooking and—"

Mrs. Eccles' rapid enunciations were suddenly interrupted by a laugh, loud and hearty, from her husband.

"Bless my soul, Hulda, you've got your lesson well on your tongue's end! Smart, are you? Why, I think you're just the smartest little woman for many a mile, and it's because I think you're entirely too much to do this summer that I asked you if you didn't want me to hire somebody to help you. There's Belidy Jackson or Minny Jones—"

Mrs. Eccles held up both her floury hands in a gesture of supremest contempt that her words indorsed.

"Belidy Jackson! Minny Jones! Do you think I'd have either of them baggages in the house, with their simper and giggle, their curl and their airs—and our Ned just home for his vacation? No, sir, Mrs. Eccles."

And the good woman plunged into her kneading-trough again, leaving Mr. Eccles to solve the still open question.

"I tell you what it is, Hulda—I've hit the nail on the head this time, I guess. I wonder if sister Mary's Jessamine wouldn't suit to a T?"

Mrs. Eccles' rapid hands never faltered in their busy work, but she turned her face around to her husband in a way that meant pleased surprise.

"Sure enough! Jessamine's our own flesh and blood, too, as you might say, and we could trust her; and Ned the boy, wouldn't dare make love to his cousin."

"Ned seems to worry you, mother. I'm sure the boy's got to get married some time or other, and Jessamine Mere would suit me for a daughter-in-law as well as anybody."

A large, shady front yard, with whitewashed stones arranged regularly on the edge of the grass-plot; an old-fashioned border of lady-slippers, petunias and sweet alissum relieved by green-painted boxes of huge pink peonies; a rose swing depending from a far-reaching branch of one of the elm trees, and Jessamine Mere sitting therein, with one dainty slippers foot propelling her light weight.

How very pretty she was; her slightly-tanned skin that only made her cheeks deeper in their carnation hue; her mouth so full and red, that was constantly displaying the even, white teeth; her saucy eyes, so bright and spirited, with their drooping, long-lashed lids; and her short, wavy hair, with a narrow blue bow coquettishly nestling in it.

Ned Eccles leaned against the elm tree trunk watching her; a tall, sunburned fellow, with a gravity unusually found in young men of twenty-five; but then, handsome, reticent Edward Eccles was studying at Rutgers, for the ministry, to the delight of his parents and the admiration of the young girls.

Now, on his summer vacation, Ned was doing something—nay, had done something very singular for a student, so far from graduation, to do; yet a very natural thing for a young man to do when he was thrown constantly in the society of a young, pretty girl like Jessamine Mere.

So, standing under the elm tree, watching her closely, Ned Eccles made up his mind that he really loved his witching cousin, and would make her his wife, if she was willing, and she was not already promised to that young Dr. Anderson, who rode out from New York every Sunday afternoon to see her.

"Jessamine!" and he suddenly walked over to her side as he spoke her name, "I was thinking of something; shall I tell you what it was?"

She arched her graceful head coquettishly.

"Oh, Ned, of course you must tell me! I shall be so interested in any of your secrets."

She flashed him a smile that would have brought Dr. Anderson straight to his knees, if the grass happened to be dry, and he hadn't on his best white pants. But Ned Eccles only caressed the small brown hand that held the rope of the swing, and bent his noble head a little nearer her sweet, saucy face.

"I hope you will be so deeply interested as to say you will be my wife, Jessamine! I love you very much; I could not attempt to tell you, but if you will let me prove it constantly by a lifetime of devotion, I shall feel I am the happiest man alive."

How strangely solemn it sounded; how his voice trembled with tenderness; how softly the summer breeze sung over their heads; how quiet and watchful for her answer the countryside seemed!

She stole a glance at his face; and an awe, born of the truest, deepest love that can stir the depths of a woman's heart, was in her face and voice as she gave her hand to him.

"Oh, Ned! I am not worthy of you! but if you will be content with me, and—"

"Content with you, my darling!"

And he interrupted her by a sudden, passionate kiss, as he spoke.

So, when Mrs. Eccles came to the kitchen door to call Jessamine to set the

Madame Durand's Protégés;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.
BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

A SUBTLE SUGGESTION.

MADAME was closeted with her lawyer at the time appointed on the following morning.

There were writing materials on the little table, and beside it Mr. Thancroft occupied a straight-backed chair awaiting madame's pleasure to begin his talk.

"What would you think, my friend," she queried, "of a penniless girl who as good as refuses to accept the position of my heiress? Who would have believed such foolhardy self-sacrifice could exist in our age? What do you say to the course which Mirabel Durand has taken, my good friend?"

"I honor her for it," cried the lawyer, warmly. "Ah, madame; she has the true nobility of you Durands, and if it were not for the true heir there is not another one I would as gladly see come into possession of Fairview Glen."

"Ah!" aspirated madame. "No one asks for your wish, you exasperating man. I'll not have you force your opinions on me; I say."

"There are but two of all those who can present the shadow of a claim upon me to whom I would willingly leave the estate of the Durands; and of these, one has put away the chance. No, no, Mr. Thancroft; Mirabel Durand shall not inherit it now."

The lawyer bowed with an anxious air, but controlled the impatience he was beginning to feel.

"The pride of Mirabel Durand does not require these wide acres to back it," continued madame, with her odd, chuckling laugh. "Her independence shall not be hampered by the farms and goods and chattels I shall leave behind me. Hist! What is that?"

The vine which trained over the window near her was agitated, and the leaves rustled though there was no breeze upon that sultry morning.

Milly Ross, fancying herself secure in her hiding-place, upon the balcony, had moved inadvertently in her intense eagerness to catch every one of the madame's words.

Moving stealthily, Mr. Thancroft approached the open casement and leaned suddenly out, with one hand brushing back the screen of leaves which impeded his view.

There was no chance of escape for the offending maid. Ross crouched low in the midst of the greenery, shrinking in a horror of mortification and dismay, and burying her face, which was stained crimson with the shame of this discovery, in her hair.

"You?" cried the lawyer, in accents of surprise. "I would never have thought it."

"Who, who, who?" demanded madame, in the excitement of impatience and anger.

"Come," said Mr. Thancroft, stepping over the low sill to Milly's side, and clutching her not very gently by the shoulder.

"Come and answer to your mistress for the motive of your eavesdropping. Come, I say."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Milly, in an agony of shame and remorse. "Oh, please, no!"

"Who is it?" called madame, sharply. "Who is it that would play the spy about me? Not Ross?"

But Ross it was, almost sinking with the mortification of her detection, whom the lawyer arraigned before the eye of her mistress.

"Is there not one faithful?" asked madame, bitterly. "You, Milly Ross, to turn against me! You unable to wait the little time which must elapse, that you must listen to discover if you are mentioned in my will?"

"I tell you now that I'll leave not a penny to you," continued madame, her first remorse waxing into rage. "There should have been five hundred dollars each to you, and Briggs, and Jean, but not a penny about me!"

"Dr. Anderson is welcome!"

Then, after he had saddled Queen Mab, and gone for a wild tear over the country to ease his heart-ache, Jessamine left her plum preserves to Mrs. Eccles' tender mercies, and stole up to her little room under the eaves, to have a good cry; for she did not like Dr. Anderson so very much, and she did just adore Ned Eccles.

She'd lost his ring, too; where, or how, or exactly when, she couldn't say; only she'd been careless enough to lose it somehow; and then, she was afraid Ned would scold, so she hadn't told him; then, when he took her up so quickly about it, and twisted her with caring for Dr. Anderson, why, she wouldn't confess then, of course.

And so, suddenly diverged their love-path; and with no further attempt at reconciliation, Jessamine went home to New York, and Ned back to Rutgers; as miserably a pair as ever parted.

The large kitchen at the Eccles' farmhouse was gayly arrayed for the festivities of the approaching Christmastide; holly branches of holly were fastened over the tall eight-day clock, and festooned across the mantel.

It looked cheery, and in good keeping with the bright, sunny day, but Ned Eccles sat beside the window, looking pale, and worn and tired.

"You study too hard, my son; or else you don't get enough to eat. Which is just now, I say."

"Marry! No, nor no signs of it; she's a changed girl, to my mind, lately—"

But she stopped suddenly; for Ned had made a peculiar grimace, then lifted his napkin to his mouth.

"Mother," he said, very quietly, but his voice trembled, "I have just escaped eating a pearl ring—the one that has caused much trouble. See here."

And he held up the lost ring.

"Oh, not every thing, madame," he cried, as she proclaimed one of her sentences. "Oh, surely you must have some single title of natural affection. Is there not one single impulse will plead with me for Jule's boy?"

Something like a smile flitted over madame's face, but left it gray and hard as before.

"Write," she commanded, not heeding his interruption, and word for word repeated the clause as she had given it at first.

So the will was drawn in due form and signed by madame's feeble hand in presence of the butler and the housekeeper, whose signatures as witnesses were afterward affixed.

"As straight to Jessamine as I can go. It may not be too late yet."

And the next day, bright, sunny Christmas, Jessamine ate turkey at Ned Eccles' side in the farm-house, with a pearl ring on her finger.

"As straight to Jessamine as I can go.

"Content with you, my darling!"

And he interrupted her by a sudden, passionate kiss, as he spoke.

So, when Mrs. Eccles came to the

It was folded, sealed, and taken in charge by the lawyer, who afterward stalked away from the manse with a gloomy dissatisfaction plainly evinced in his manner.

He encountered the two young ladies strolling together in the maze of twisting paths which intersected madame's parterre; and Miss Durand stopped him with a gracious yet withal imperious nod of greeting.

"I was hoping to see you, Mr. Thancroft," said she, extending her hand frankly. "I want you to take my version of the wretched business which has so bitterly angered madame."

"I have heard it all," he replied, taking the little hand as though it were some fragile thing which he feared would break.

"You were nobly unselfish, Miss Durand; but madame is hard as steel, and pitiless as the sphinx."

"I hope she has not made her will in my favor," said Mirabel, gravely—"I hope she has not committed that grave injustice against her own true heir."

"She has not made your heiress of her wealth, Miss Durand," said the lawyer, gloomily. "Ah, Heaven! it were better if she had."

He turned away with a hasty gesture of leave-taking.

"How provoking!" cried Fay, with a little pout. "Why couldn't he tell us who does come in for it all?"

"That would be to violate madame's confidence," responded Mirabel, calmly. "I trust the renewal of her health may leave us in ignorance for a long time to come."

In her own mind Fay was convinced that she was the fortunate legatee.

"I was hoping to see you, Mr. Thancroft," said she, drawing her hand within his arm, and speaking in cautious, suppressed tones, as they began to pace back and forth slowly beneath the shadow of the orchard trees.

"Confess that if you were driven now to choose between madame's wealth and me, you would never hesitate in wrecking these sweet dreams we have been reveling in. I have no mind to chide you for it, sweet!"

He turned away with a hasty gesture of leave-taking.

"How provoking!" cried Fay, with a little pout. "Why couldn't he tell us who does come in for it all?"

"That would be to violate madame's confidence," responded Mirabel, calmly. "I trust the renewal of her health may leave us in ignorance for a long time to come."

Fay's eyes flashed back his glance with a hard and greenish gleam. It was a peculiarity of those strange, beryl-tinted orbs, to narrow and scintillate with a cruel green gleam when any selfish passion swayed her.

"I hate death, and I fear it," she said, in tones so tense they seemed almost choking her.

"I dread the awful solemnity of it and the frightful mystery; but, rather than give up these hopes I have cherished, I could watch madame struggle at its approach, suffer tortures—torments—agonies, and never quiver or feel any thing but joy over the change that should leave every thing to me."

Ware paused with an appreciative eye for the effect, but a scornful smile just moved the curve of his lip, and brought a shadow lurking at the corner of his mouth.

"Very good, Miss St. Orme," he applauded, mentally. "The pose is excellent, that unconscious expression natural to the life, and as a whole you form a charming addition to the scene. But for all of your seeming absorption, I'd be willing to wager one of the precious years of my life that you have been perfectly cognizant of my approach. I have read you too clearly, that you are a blinder by your clever mouth."

Nevertheless, he advanced and accosted her according to the spirit she had shown.

"Am I an intruder unawares, Miss St. Orme? Now, don't tell me that you had forgotten our tryst, and that this is but a chance meeting after all. I was tempted to think it, by your utter unconcern."

"Only forgotten for the moment, Mr. Ware. I'm so heedless, though, it would not be strange if I did forget. Thank me for keeping it in mind through the pleasant nature of my news. I couldn't forbear coming to receive your congratulations."

"Madame has been gracious enough to leave you her largest, perhaps her sole heiress, then, I take it. You'll be richly rewarded."

"Ah, and won't I loose the strings of the musky old money-bugs madame has awarded so long!" First, I'll astonish the natives of this primitive Fairview Glen, and then I'll go back to the world where I properly belong, and reign it royally enough over all my devotees; revenge myself, too, on those that have had the countenance to snub me on account of my poverty and dependence. It's a very pleasing prospect to me, I assure you, Mr. Lucian Ware."

Lucian sighed, and met her glance with a dejected, sorrowful smile.

"I congratulate you on your certain fortune, with all my heart," said he; "but it grieves me to see you so anxious to resume your broken sway out in the heartless world. I wish some tie could bind your anticipations to the Glen, unpromising as it must have seemed at first."

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nervously fingered the hem of her snowy kerchief.

"Haven't you some wish of cheer for me, Milly? I've been somehow downhearted missing the sight of you, and I've been hard-worked, too, for a time, though I don't say it in the way to complain."

"Well, what do you do if for?" queried the maid, almost sharply. "There's no sense in it as I can see, drudging as you do, and none but yourself in the world to be cared for."

"Don't say that, lass; you know why I'm working so to get a start ahead, now. I'm doing well, too, Milly; full well as I've any reason to expect. I've been looking at a little martin-box down in the village, and I'm hoping to have the nest feathered by Christmas-time."

"I've brought you this, dear. I wouldn't get it till I saw some certainty of coming through all right."

He drew a slender little ring from his vest-pocket, like a twisted thread of gold, with a cornelian heart set in the top.

"I'll get you a plain one for a wedding before long. Let me see if it's right, my darling; you know they say:

"When love will fit without a measure, Happy hearts make household treasure."

But Ross drew away from him with an impatient jerk.

"I'm sure I don't want your ring, Henry North. I don't see why you should pester me with your plans when I'm not caring for your affairs. Goodness knows, I've got trouble enough without being tagged after by you."

The honest fellow's face clouded over. "I didn't mean to trouble you, Milly. I hoped you would be glad with me at the prospect of the little home we've talked of before now. You haven't been so anxious to see me of late, but I knew the reason of it and kept thinking your own good heavying would show you the right way."

"A handsome young gentleman like Lucian Ware isn't apt to mean much by his love-making, lass. It's natural you should be flattered, though certainly you couldn't help seeing that it's only his way of amusing himself."

"That's all you know, I suppose," said Ross, angrily. "That's your way of judging your betters. Henry North. You'd like me to coop myself up in your narrow martin-box, and because I don't fly at your offer, you must rail out against them that maybe are earnest as you."

"You're being blinded if you're trusting anything to Mr. Lucian," persisted North. "He'll not bring you any happiness, Milly; I wish you would believe me."

"It's no concern of yours, then. I'm willing to abide by my own sense, I'm sure."

North returned the ring to his pocket with a sigh.

"I'll wait for you, Milly," he said, gently. "You'll know which is the honest boy by-and-by. I'd like to save you from the pain of being cast off by Mr. Lucian, though; it's sure to come to that at last."

"Maybe I have better evidence," said Ross, boastfully, won to complete faith by that carelessness which Lucian had bestowed upon her.

"You don't understand the ways of handsome young men like him," said North, moodily. "If I thought he meant any harm to you by Heaven! I'd never wait!"

Milly stopped him with an angry gesture.

"What do you take me for?" she asked. "I'll not have you casting slurs at either him or me. You'll be good enough to keep out of the way of meddling, after this."

"I'll not vex you, at least," he replied, sorrowfully. "Only mind this, Milly: I'll be working ahead all the same, getting ready for you some day."

"The more fool you, then!" cried Ross, angrily. "It'll be a long wait you'll have, I think."

She sped away from him then, before he could answer, had so wished; and North, recalled to his duty, went forward to the manse.

Madame Durand was less alert as the evening drew on than she had been through the day. A feeling of oppressive languor was settling down over her which she struggled vainly to resist. Fay tripped into her presence, all soft solicitude pouring out an effusion of anxious inquiries.

"You charming old madame, it's so naughty of you to excite yourself as you've been doing. Of course you're quite tired out now. Don't I know what it is to be wound up to such a pitch, and then to go down all at once?

"I do wish you'd let me do something. It's too late to read to you, I suppose, and I can't sing any more than an owl. I'm a useless little mortal, I know; but I do want you to care for me, dear Madame Durand."

"Mayn't I stay up here to have my dinner with you, instead of dining in state with the others below?"

Madame was grimly gracious, but excused herself positively enough from Miss St. Orme's attendance. So Fay went away again with many softly-uttered wishes for madame's bettered condition on the morrow.

Out in the queer little anteroom the setting sun was sending his last rays through the dingy red curtain. Fay half paused with a sudden shiver as she caught sight of her hand, which was a vivid crimson where the reflected light fell upon it.

"It looked like blood!" she murmured to herself. "I wonder if I should feel remorse if it really were? I have thought sometimes that, if a life stood in my way, it would never cause me either a qualm or a pang to remove it."

She moved on as she heard a slight rustle without, and passed Mirabel on the landing.

The latter had come to make inquiry for the madame, and finding no one in waiting, went directly to the old lady's side.

"Ah, well, what do you want?" asked the madame, impatiently arousing. "I wish to be left quite undisturbed now. Ring the bell for Jean, will you?"

"In a moment, madame. Let me wait upon you this once, will you not? I would like to feel that you are not seriously vexed on account of our interview yesterday."

Mirabel spoke wistfully, with a yearning of pity and tenderness in her young heart for this forlorn old woman, who had bereft herself of all close ties which might have been comfort and solace to her now.

But madame seemed impervious to softer feelings.

"It was your privilege," said she, grimly. "Must I repeat that I want to be left undisturbed? I'll take a nap, I think."

"Let me watch by you, then," pleaded Mirabel, with gentle persistency.

"No, Ring for Jean. Don't wait, Miss Durand!"

"Good-night, then," and as she passed by madame's chair, Mirabel stooped to press her lips lightly upon the wrinkled forehead.

As it chanced, Jean was not at hand, and Ross, who was within hearing, went—not without an apprehensive tremor—to answer the summons.

She need not have trembled, for madame had fallen into an apathy which was unconscious of her surroundings.

"Hand me the liniment, Jean," said she, drowsily, not observing that it was Ross beside her. "That's all, now."

Milly Ross poured the liniment into a little china basin and placed it within her mistress' reach, and, after a moment, retired softly that she might not be disturbed.

Madame dipped her right hand into the little basin, and with it, weakly chafed the left.

"How dead and numb they feel," she said to herself, "and how strangely I am feeling. Chilling and burning—how strange!"

"Ooh, the will? Yes, yes?" She was wondering vaguely. "Was it right, I wonder? I wouldn't repeat at the last, you see, and they'll never know—"

"It's my digestion that's wrong, that's it. 'A good digestion, and no heart—a good motto, ha! ha! I'll take blue mass; that'll right me."

And madame muttered on that she was being consumed with raging thirst, but the water was all ice—all ice. It was freezing in her parched mouth; ah, now she was growing chill and cold.

So was she, poor, self-deluded madame.

This was no counterfeit of death, this stark and rigid form sitting erect in the great arm-chair. There was no bright spark of light in the wide-open, glazing eyes, now.

Was this madame's Fate?

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

The Wronged Heiress

OR,

The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE LADY WHO WAS SHE?" "BANDED; OR, THE DEDENHAM PROPERTY?" "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVERS," "MIRIAM BEE," "VORST'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE SNARE.

WHERE, meanwhile, was Phillip Jocelyn?

When the carriage in which Belmont was so carelessly reclining, and to the back of which Dick Daredevil clung with such desperate energy, dashed away from upper Broadway, Phillip was left standing on the pavement, the picture of despair.

Philip struck his brow wildly with his clenched fist, as he stood, helpless and alone, only a few yards distant from the gambling hell he had just deserted.

"Oh, my God!" he muttered, "am I to be baffled now?"

He had very little faith in Dick's unaided efforts. It seemed to him that the young man would not have sufficient inducement to persist in the search when there was nobody to spur him on. Even though he were compelled to pass the dog-kennel, in which, as already described, Dick Daredevil had taken refuge.

The instant they had crossed the threshold, the two ruffians laid their charge on the floor of the passage.

"Wait a minute," said Ben. "This is a confounded gloomy hole, and I'm not going in a step further in the dark."

He struck a match and lighted a dark lantern which he had brought along, hidden in the folds of his cloak.

The instant it glowed it illuminated the passage, Dick Daredevil crawled out of the kennel and peeped in at the open door.

"Lord love me!" he cried, as his glance fell upon the prostrate figure on the floor.

"If it ain't Jocelyn himself that the villains have nabbed! And unless I'm very much mistaken they are the same covies who set upon him in the alley. What are they going to do with the gentleman. I wonder?"

It was necessary to wait and see. So he drew back far enough to escape the observation of the two men, and waited.

There was a brief delay. Then Phillip was lifted as before, and borne down a flight of very steep stairs that descended from the end of the passage.

They found themselves in a moldy, vault-like place, from which a single apartment seemed to have been partitioned.

Steve produced a key from one of his pockets, and unlocked the door leading into the room.

It was small, and very plainly furnished with a pallet-bed, a couple of chairs, and a deal table; but it looked quite comfortable, when compared with the dreariness and emptiness that seemed to pervade every other part of the dwelling.

Of course, Dick had followed the villains noiselessly down the stairs as far as the open cellar.

There, hidden behind some empty barrels, he waited, with all the patience he could command, the next move the two desperate men would make.

Finally decided to remain where he was until morning, that Dick might be able to find him without difficulty, should he return from his wild goose chase.

He buttoned his coat to the chin, for the summer night air was cool, and leaned in a dejected attitude against the nearest lamp-post.

Though the young man knew it not, unfriendly eyes were upon him, watching his every movement.

After the lapse of at least an hour, two men approached from the deep shadow of the nearest by-street.

"Is your name Phillip Jocelyn?" asked one of them, as he reached the spot where our hero was standing.

"It is," replied Phillip, rousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Then you are wanted?"

"By whom?"

"The young fellow who was with you not very long since," was the ready answer.

"The same that rode away a-clinging to that carriage?"

Phillip uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Where is he? And did he send you to find me?"

"In course he did."

"Where is he?" repeated our hero, eagerly.

"Just down that street," pointing to the one from which they had just emerged. "Come right along, sir."

"Where am I?" he asked, looking around with a bewildered stare.

Steve laughed in a half-smirking manner.

"Where you'll be taken good care of for the present, sir."

"What do you mean? Am I a prisoner?"

"That's about the long and short of it, I reckon."

Phillip was silent a moment. He now remembered what had happened. Of course these two ruffians were the same who had set upon him in the alley, when Dick Daredevil and Julia came to his rescue.

"Come, sir," repeated the man, in slightly impatient accents. "There ain't any time to be wasted here. Besides, it's only a step."

Phillip no longer hesitated. He suffered the two men to conduct him down the shadowy by-street.

He had proceeded but a very short distance, however, when he observed a close carriage drawn up to one side where the shadows were deepest.

"Who's there?" he asked, sharply.

The answer was a brutal laugh. He turned at the ominous sound, a suspicion of treachery again flashing upon his mind.

"How long am I to be detained here?"

"Don't know. Until a certain person, who must be nameless, is ready to set you

free, I suppose. You are to be kept out of the way for a few weeks—that's all."

"Ah?"

"It had to be done, Ben," said the man who had acted as spokesman from the first.

"In course," muttered the second ruffian. "But it's contrary to orders."

"Yes. He might have given us trouble again, though. He was beginnin' to suspect us."

"I know it. Lift him up, Steve. I hope you hain't let daylight through him."

"No fear o' that."

They raised Phillip's inanimate form between them, bore him to the carriage, and thrust him into it.

"There's a movement about the heart," muttered Ben, leaning over him, as he lay helpless among the cushions. "He ain't dead."

"No. Now the sooner we are off, the better!"

Steve jumped into the carriage, and Ben mounted to the box.

In another minute they were dashing down the street.

Phillip's momentary fears had not played him false. These were the same ruffians, though in different disguises, who had assaulted him in the first instance.

They had never, both at a time, lost sight of him, save during the few minutes when he was in the faro house.

It was unnecessary. They did not seem to think it of any use to search the cellar, and passed up the stairs without having done so.

Five minutes later he heard the roll of wheels as the carriage was driven away.

"Good," he muttered, crawling out of his place of refuge and vigorously shaking his cramped limbs. "Now the coast is clear. When those two worthies come again, they'll find that their bird has flown, unless I'm very much mistaken."

He crawled up the rickety stairs, and took his stand in the hall, where he waited until day had really dawned.

Then, having seen nor heard any thing to indicate any human presence about the house, he descended to effect Phillip's release.

"Are you there, Mr. Jocelyn?" he shouted, pounding on the door with his knuckles

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seemed anxious and distressed, and gave but a very meager greeting.

"Gilbert is out of sorts," thought the loving woman, watching him anxiously. "I wonder what has gone wrong."

The reader already knows what had occurred to distress this scheming villain. It was on that very night that Dick Daredevil had climbed up behind his carriage near the gambling-hell on Broadway, and been left for dead in the lonely old house to which he had suffered himself to be enticed.

Of course this tissue of circumstances had left its impress on Belmont's spirits. It could not well have other than a depressing effect.

Owing to all this, he did not visit his captive until a late hour of the following morning.

Mrs. Pratt preceded him to Mabel's apartment. This singular woman had quite recovered from her agitation of the previous day, and her small eyes twinkled with pleasure and ill-concealed satisfaction as they rested upon the hapless girl.

"I've brought your lover to see you, Miss," she said, maliciously.

Poor Mabel uttered a low cry of dismay, and retreated to the furthest corner of the chamber.

"Oh, Heaven protect me!" she murmured.

"Bah!" cried Mrs. Pratt, with an angry snort. "Have you no fitter welcome for the man who loves you? See, Gilbert, there are your diamonds, tumbled under the table, as if they were not a penny."

"Never mind the baubles," said Belmont, hastily approaching.

"Humph! Of course it's just as you please, I'd better take myself off, and leave you to plead your own cause."

"No," with an impatient wave of the hand; "remain where you are."

"Dear Mabel," he added, turning to the girl, and speaking in a softer tone of voice, "I wish Mrs. Pratt to hear me tell you how much I love you."

He sought to take her hands, but the poor frightened bird fled from him, shrieking in uncontrollable terror.

He hurried after her, with a muttered curse on his lips, and caught her, panting and breathless, in his arms.

"It is useless to beat your wings, pretty one," he whispered. "You'd better take things coolly."

"Help! help!"

The cry burst from her, almost involuntarily. At the same instant steps were heard on the balcony outside the window—the sash was burst open with a blow that shattered glass and all—and Philip Jocelyn bounded into the apartment, followed by Dick Daredevil.

"Coward!" cried Philip, tearing Mabel from Belmont's embrace, and at the same time dealing the villain a powerful blow that sent him reeling against the wall. "Thank God, I am here in time to foil you!"

A volley of the most dreadful curses broke from Belmont's lips. For a breath-long space he stood staring at the daring intruders, speechless from rage and fury.

Then his right hand sought his breast, and clutched a small revolver, the muzzle of which covered Philip's heart, the next instant.

This movement was the signal for action on the part of Dick Daredevil. With a howl like the roar of a wild beast, he sprang upon the villain, wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and turned it against its owner.

"Take that for your treachery!" he shouted, pulling sharply at the trigger.

The weapon exploded, and Belmont fell to the floor with a groan of pain.

A shrill, piercing shriek filled the room—a shriek of such bitter anguish that it rung in Dick's ears for many a long day afterward.

Then Mrs. Pratt tottered forward, and threw herself on the body of the fallen man.

"You have killed him!" she screamed.

"You have killed my—"

The words died away in a hollow moan.

Mrs. Pratt had fainted.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 130.)

Double-Death:
OR,
THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FREDERICK WHITAKER,

(LAUNCE POYNTZ)

AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF THE RUBIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"TO SIR HENRY—QUICK!"

Miss Charlotte Lacy was sitting in her drawing-room in Wall street. She was not alone. Opposite to her were the dark, stern, haggard features of the traitor General, who sat in a deep arm-chair, splendid in the scarlet uniform, the pride of his treason. Arnold looked moody and discontented, as he always had, but there were more than usual lines of care and vexation on his brow that evening. The young lady was knitting some fancy work.

"I don't see why, of all people, should affect to look coldly, on me, Miss Lacy," he was saying. "You were sweet enough to me a short time—"

"Pardon me, General," she interrupted, coldly; "for your wife's sake only."

"And why not be civil to me now?" he asked, irritably. "She is my wife still. What business have these people here got to look at me in the way they do? What have I done to them?"

"What have you done for them?" she asked, calmly.

"I would have done much, but for the unfortunate accident of Andre's capture," said the General, irritably. "It was not my fault. Sir Henry owned it was not, when he paid me over the stipulated sum."

"Ay, you got that safe," said the lady, with a faint sneer, her knitting-needles working as if she was only intent upon them.

"Of course I did," he snapped; "the same as you take your pay. You are not the person to sneer at me for that."

"General Arnold," said the little lady, in a frigid voice, "if you can not confine your remarks to your own case, I must leave the room, or request you to do the same instead."

"Certainly, madam," he answered, standing up, his face pale with rage. "There

was a time when you were glad enough to welcome me, Miss Lacy."

"You were worth something then, General," said Charlotte, in a tone of fine scorn. "You had every thing to lose, and I had every thing to gain. Now you have lost it, and we have found out that it was not worth the trouble we took to get it. Good-evening, General."

"Nay, you shall not treat me thus," said Arnold, in a savage tone, as he was turning away, and he stepped between her and the door as if to prevent her going.

"Who are you to despise me?" he asked.

"Are you not a paid spy?"

Charlotte remained perfectly calm and contemptuous in her manner, and slowly retreated to the mantel-piece, where she took her station by the bell.

"What I am, sir, I know," she said. "A consistent loyalist who has suffered much for her king. What you are, the world knows, a traitor who has got the best of Sir Henry by a shrewd bargain, and earned fifty thousand dollars for nothing; who has cost us the life of one brave soldier, and whom we all despise, while we use him."

While she was speaking the last words, there was a violent knock at the street-door, and Arnold started. The man lived in perpetual alarm now, and his once fierce, reckless courage seemed to have given way to nervous anxiety. Both listened to the sound of the opening door, heard a short colloquy, and then the door shut.

Arnold moved away from the entrance, as a servant knocked.

Miss Lacy moved forward, and received a letter from the man's hand.

"James," she said, "I'm glad you came. You're just in time to show General Arnold to the door. Good-evening, General."

She bowed with icy coldness, as if determined there should be no mistake, and the General, with a vindictive glance, took his hat and left the room, in a white heat of passion. Many such affronts was he destined to receive from thenceforth to the day of his miserable death.

Meanwhile Charlotte opened the letter and read, at first half-unconsciously, presently with a full understanding of its meaning, the following:

"MADAM: This letter will reach you when I am a prisoner, and will inform you of what is far more dangerous to both our happiness. My poor Everard is a prisoner, on trial for deserting from his army two years ago, when he was a prisoner of war. I implore you, if you have any power, to devise some means of rescuing him from the shameful doom of a deserter. You and I know how our poor lad was worked on, and what influences he had to struggle against. I am a willing prisoner, madam, because they will allow me to testify on the court-martial, but in your hands, madam, lies the true remedy. Oh, do not let it go, but save our poor lad, madam, and earn the undying gratitude of his unhappy father! Your obedient, humble servant,

"JOHN BARBOUR."

For a moment the girl stood gazing into vacancy, with her hand pressed on her heart, as if it were bursting. Then she sprung to the bell-rope, and rang violently for the servant.

"Who brought this letter?" she demanded, with deadly pale face and flashing eyes.

"A seafaring man, madam," said he, respectfully. "He told me he'd wait for an answer, but when I came back he was gone."

"Gone! gone, man? Why did you let him go?" almost screamed the lady, in a manner so different from her usual composure, that the servant evidently thought his mistress had gone mad on a sudden.

"I—I didn't know, madam," he stammered.

For a moment she seemed as if she would burst out upon him with a tempest of reproaches. The next, she had controlled herself.

"Order the carriage, quick!" she said.

In a minute the man had disappeared, and the girl hurriedly paced up and down the room, with her hands to her forehead.

"Mother and Black Eagle," said Marian, quietly. "Why did you only know that?"

"As God hears me, I love you, and you only, Marian," he answered, taking her hand.

"Then I am very happy, Everard," she answered, and began to cry to prove it.

"But you, Marian? How came you here?" asked Everard, presently. "Who came with you, and why did you come?"

"I came because Mr. Murphy came and told us of your danger, dear," she said.

"And mother and Black Eagle came with me."

"Wh?" asked Everard, starting back, an angry, jealous frown on his brow. "Whom say you?"

"Mother and Black Eagle," said Marian, quietly. "Why, did you not know that the chief had been baptized? He has kept us from harm ever since we nursed him out of the danger of death, two years since, and he was made a Christian a little while ago."

"I know nothing," said Everard, a little sulky. "Tell me all about it, please."

And then she told him how Queen Esther had carried her off from Bemis' Heights, and how Double-Death had rescued her, shooting Black Eagle through the body, and nearly getting throttled, in spite of all, by the fierce chief.

"And Murphy was so much worked up that he wanted to kill the chief," she continued; "but I wouldn't allow him, when the poor creature lay so quiet and helpless there. So we staid in the woods with him, nursing and tending him, till he began to get better, and then he came home with us, protecting us in his turn from all other Indians on the way. And oh! Everard, they say Indians are not grateful, but I tell you the chief is gratitude itself. Brother could not be more devoted, affectionate, and respectful, than he is to me; and he has taken such care of mother on the way."

Everard mused, and said:

"He may be able to save my life. If he will tell the truth he will know why I could not escape from the Glen of Sheshequin. It was because I was on parole to him and Queen Esther, and Miss—"

"Miss who, Everard?" asked Marian, innocently.

"I must not tell," he said. "I have given my word of honor never to reveal what has passed between us to mortal. I can not break it, even for you, Marian."

From that time till he came to the posts of the American army to give himself up, he had not been seen, except by some exchanged prisoners of his own regiment, who swore that they had recognized him in New York, as the captain of a troop of Simcoe's Queen's Rangers. The time of his reporting at Philadelphia, by some mystery, was omitted, and he remained on the rolls as a deserter, from the time of his discovery by Double-Death, in Cherry Valley.

The only evidence taken so far had been that of the dragoons who had seen him in the tree by that wicked Queen Esther's people, he has been afraid to leave home. Poor father! It was two days before they found and let him out."

"Well, then, bring them in," said Everard. "I shall be very glad to see your mother."

"And Black Eagle, too," she said, brightly. "Indeed you'll like him now. He is a noble creature."

"I hope so," said Everard, coldly. He was still very jealous of the chief, and did not wish to think too well of him.

"Come in, chief, come in, mother!" cried Marian.

And then the gigantic form of Black

when he was said to be in New York, or elsewhere with the enemy.

The charge, in these proceedings, taken in his absence, was *single*, and wholly for desertion. The reason was now plain. Arnold had been only too glad to find the dangerous knowledge of his aid-de-camp removed from his path, and had arraigned him on a charge of which he knew him to be innocent.

But how was he to prove this?

There was only one witness, besides Arnold and Charlotte Lacy and his father, who could swear positively to his being in Philadelphia on the date in question. That man was the sergeant of dragoons in his old office there. He inquired for the sergeant.

The poor sergeant was dead, killed at the battle of the Chemung, under General Sullivan, a year before.

What was he to do now?

He could only wait, protracting the cross-examination of witnesses from day to day, without indicating the line of his defense, till the time came.

The time had come at last.

He was notified that on the next day he would have to open his defense and summon his witnesses, and the poor lad felt very down-hearted about it. He had nothing but his own unsupported word to offer. Tim Murphy had not returned, and he knew not where he could be. Only a vague feeling of hope arose in his mind from that very circumstance, for he knew the scout would not have dared to be absent without leave from superior authority.

That evening, as he was sitting pondering, a knock came at the tent door, and Arnold started. The man lived in perpetual alarm now, and his once fierce, reckless courage seemed to have given way to nervous anxiety. Both listened to the sound of the opening door, heard a short colloquy, and then the door shut.

Arnold moved away from the entrance, as a servant knocked.

Miss Lacy moved forward, and received a letter from the man's hand.

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She bowed with icy coldness, as if determined there should be no mistake, and the General, with a vindictive glance, took his hat and left the room.

"Wh?" asked Everard, starting back, an angry, jealous frown on his brow.

"Do you truly mean that, Everard?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears as she asked. She was a gentle, quiet thing, and not prone to show much emotion.

"As God hears me, I love you, and you only, Marian," he answered, taking her hand.

"Then I am very happy, Everard," she said, and began to cry to prove it.

"But you, Marian? How came you here?" asked Everard, presently. "Who came with you, and why did you come?"

"I came because Mr. Murphy came and told us of your danger, dear," she said.

"And mother and Black Eagle came with me."

"Wh?" asked Everard, starting back, an angry, jealous frown on his brow.

"Whom say you?"

"Mother and Black Eagle," said Marian, quietly. "Why, did you not know that?"

And then she told him how Queen Esther had carried her off from Bemis' Heights, and how Double-Death had rescued her, shooting Black Eagle through the body, and nearly getting throttled, in spite of all, by the fierce chief.

"And Murphy was so much worked up that he wanted to kill the chief," she continued; "but I wouldn't allow him, when the poor creature lay so quiet and helpless there. So we staid in the woods with him, nursing and tending him, till he began to get better, and then he came home with us, protecting us in his turn from all other Indians on the way. And oh! Everard, they say Indians are not grateful, but

MY FIRST WATCH.

BY JOR. JOY, JR.

Indeed it was a princely gift.
Made out of shining silver metal;
It was somewhat larger than a bun,
And somewhat smaller than a kettle.
It had a frank and open face,
With milestone figures all around it;
I was a little bit of boy,
But soon grew bigger while I owned it.
Sometimes that watch was several days
Behind the time, if 'twas a minute,
Then I would lubricate the wheels
By emptying the oil can in it.
Its large wheel was an overshot,
I hardly think it was a Turbine,
It had very clever springs,
So fast would have run for a carbine.
I used to tell who that it was
Merely by opening the case of it,
And adding to or taking from it.
Figuring with chalk upon the face of it.
I wound it every half an hour—
Or often when it was shirky,
It wound up either way quite well;
I always wound it with the door-key.
I answered well for an alarm,
Sometimes 'twould go off like a spinet,
And then, I bet you, time would fly—
Crowding a whole day in a minute;
Or time would lag upon its hands,
And every day have forty hours,
Yet there would only be three meals—
The latter of which few powers.
When ever I needed to be dressed,
And went with too much of a clatter,
I used to take it from the case,
And pump it very full of water.
One day it wouldn't go at all,
Or only start at times to buzzin',
I thought it had too many wheels,
And so knocked out a half a dozen.
And then I oiled it well with tar,
The best thing I could do, I reckoned,
Then kept time so very well!
It never let go of a second.
But then, at last, it made it go—
The boy was wild they are a bother—
I traded it to Joe's boy,
And got a licking from my father.

The Chouan.

BY LAUNCH POYNTEZ.

We have all of us heard of the French Revolution. There are even some men living who remember it, although their number grows less every day; but there are not many of us well acquainted with that counter-revolution, within France, itself excited by the excesses of the first, which goes by the name of the Vendean Rebellion. And yet this war, ending in failure as it did, was productive of many instances of the most lofty and self-sacrificing heroism on both sides.

The French Revolution, at its commencement, the struggle of an oppressed people to cast off tyranny, soon became a merciless tyranny of the lowest thieves of the rabble over anybody who ventured to think different from them—a tyranny enforced by the guillotine in all directions, till at last the peasants of La Vendee rose up and rebelled against it.

In the quiet, shaded corner of a pasture-field, where the grass had grown long and straggling from neglect and lack of animals to feed it off, was a little group of three persons, one sunshiny morning in June, in the year 1795. One of these persons was a man—a coarse-featured, heavily-built fellow, with a short, bristling black beard, apparently as strong as a bull. One of his legs had a white bandage round it, below the knee, and he wore the brown peasant dress of a game-keeper, with the white cockade in his hat that denoted him to be a *Chouan*, as the rebels of La Vendee were called by their enemies.

The other two persons were a lady, in the poor remains of a rich silk dress, much torn in its progress through bushes, and a little baby which she held to her bosom.

All three appeared to be anxious and uneasy, especially the lady, as if expecting some enemy momentarily.

"Oh, Pierre," said the lady, in a low voice, "do you really think that we can remain here all day, without discovery?"

"Easily, madame the countess, answered the Chouan, putting on an appearance of confidence that perhaps he did not feel.

"Guillaume Achard owns these woods for near a mile round, and he will keep every one away from here. The cursed 'Reds,' think him a *Sans-culotte** like themselves, but all the white he is as good a royalist as myself. He will send us on in the evening, unless the Reds happen to come down this lane before—Pst! Some one comes."

The little group cowered closely under the hedge, and kept still. All around them the fields were bordered with just such hedges, thick and matted, almost impenetrable for horse or foot, and further strengthened with trees planted at intervals. It was the very character of country that rendered the war in La Vendee long and lingering, allowing half-armed and undrilled peasants to contend for years against the best troops of France. At first, indeed, well acquainted with the country as they were, and taking advantage of their enemies' ignorance, the Chouans had defeated the "Reds" many times, and had taken Nantes. But now, at last, under the wise leadership of Hoche, the Republicans were steadily crushing out all armed resistance, and the Chouan rebellion was almost in the death-throes.

Pierre Gautot was one of the victims of the last sanguinary defeat, wounded in the leg by a musket ball, at first slightly; but since that time fever and exposure had aggravated the wound, so that he was very lame. And yet the poor fellow refused to go home and be nursed, which he might have well done. He was determined to stay and see his ancient mistress, the countess of Laroche-Guyon, safe out of the country, by one of the St. Malo smugglers, running to England. The count, whose game-keeper he had once been, had been killed on the last fatal field, and this will explain how Pierre and his mistress came to be hiding behind the hedge.

As they cowered closer, they could hear the tramp of a number of men coming down the stony lane on the other side of the hedge, and every now and then the clink of a canteen against a musket announced that the men were armed. Indeed, coming together in a crowd in those days, they were nearly sure to be so.

Pierre listened for several minutes. The tramp came nearer and nearer.

"It is the Reds," he whispered at last.

"A whole company coming down this way."

* Sans-culottes. A common term, given at first to French Republicans, signifying literally, "without breeches," much like our own "great unwashed," became a name which they soon took pride in, as the only really rugged rabble because the supporters of Empire. Red is a corruption of Redoubt, and so called from the red cap of liberty, then so fashionable.

They must be going toward Rennes. Keep still, madame, and above all, keep the little count still, and they will pass by. They can not see us."

He rose up on hands and knees, and reached over for his gun, while the poor countess cowered under the hedge closely, with one hand raised to still the infant, in case it should cry.

Closer and closer came the tramp of the marching column, and they began to hear the buzz of conversation quite plainly, above the clatter of canteens.

It was indeed their enemies, the "Reds," coming!

Soon the head of the column passed them, the men talking together and quite unconscious of their vicinity.

"We've driven the dirty Chouans out of the country," said a rough voice, presently.

"Don't be too sure," said a second.

"There may be a lot of them under this very hedge, for all you know."

Then they passed on, laughing.

The poor mother heard the remark and cowered closer, while Pierre reached over again for his gun. The baby just at that moment uttered a low whimper. Pierre looked back, and there was a soldier's head turned sharply and suspiciously looking over the top of the hedge into the field.

The countess hushed the child instantly, but it was too late. The noise had been heard.

"Halt! some one in the field," cried the soldier, and instantly there was a clicking of musket-balls.

"Stay here till night," whispered the Chouan, hurriedly, in the confusion and noise caused by the alarm. "I will get them off the track."

Without any hesitation he jumped up and limped forward along the line of the hedge toward the head of the column, in full sight. His scheme was successful. The Republican soldiers saw him, and the whole column started on a run to catch him. Lame as he was, he managed to clear the field and cross the hedge through a gap into the next one before he halted. Then he faced about, and threw up his arms. "Don't shoot, messieurs!" he cried. "I surrender."

A LIFE on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, has its good chances as well as its bad ones, and no man or set of men can be happier than the trapper. At first, to one accustomed to luxuries and modern refinement, nothing can be more unpleasant than a trip across the plains, but every day thus spent he feels himself endowed with a new life; gets toughened until meals that a common beggar in the streets of New York would hardly deign to look at, are by him eaten with a relish, to which he has all his life been a stranger. His are the kind of tramps to cure dyspepsia and fits of melancholy, to get a man down

"Capitaine," he said, with a defiant laugh, "I have fooled thee. The countess is on the road to Brussels by this time, and thou canst do what thou wilt to me. I have given her time to escape, so: *Dove with the Republic!*"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the captain, furious at having been outwitted, shot him down with a pistol.

The devoted fellow fell back, murmuring to Achard:

"Carry her off to-night."

And Guillaume did it. The countess escaped in safety to England, and her boy had grown to manhood before she came back at the Restoration. Her first pilgrimage then was to the grave of poor Pierre, the brave and devoted servant who had given his life to save hers, and who left as his memorial one of those generous deeds that make precious in history the name of THE CHOUAN.

Mohenesto:
Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

X.—*Hunters' Life.—Their Toilet.—Mountain Style of Mourning.—Trapping and "Caching."—The Thieves—On the Trail.—The Penalty.—Mistaken in the Man—Finding the Trap.—Fate of the Thieves.—In a Trap.—A Ride for Life.—Come on.—Safe at Last.*

A LIFE on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, has its good chances as well as its bad ones, and no man or set of men can be happier than the trapper. At first, to one accustomed to luxuries and modern refinement, nothing can be more unpleasant than a trip across the plains, but every day thus spent he feels himself endowed with a new life; gets toughened until meals that a common beggar in the streets of New York would hardly deign to look at, are by him eaten with a relish, to which he has all his life been a stranger. His are the kind of tramps to cure dyspepsia and fits of melancholy, to get a man down

is always sufficient to guide the rightful owners to their cache.

There are undoubtedly thousands of caches, whose owners had gone back for another addition to their stock, but were "wiped out," and never returned. Having concealed our furs, we changed our course, and visited some streams about a hundred miles to the westward. We had been engaged here about a week, when, one morning, it was discovered that two of the party had deserted, taking with them four of the best horses.

At the time the discovery was made I was absent from the camp, and did not return until near the middle of the day. Supposing that the deserters had taken this method of avoiding the rough work of trapping through the winter, the hunters, who were eastern men, but were unfortunately, had not gone through the delicate operation of cutting their wisdom-teeth, thought nothing about it until my return, when it was mentioned to me.

I told them they ought to have signaled me to return to camp the moment they found it out. One of the hunters asked if we were not lucky in getting rid of them; for they were proverbially lazy, and neglected no opportunity of shirking their duty.

I said "Yes, we would be lucky to get rid of them, but not so lucky to get rid of our furs. Those two men have gone back on purpose to break open our cache and steal our furs."

No one had thought of this, but I was positive; and selecting one of the best men, a hunter from Maine, we started in pursuit of the thieves.

The leadership of a party of trappers is a very responsible situation; occupying a position corresponding to that of a captain of a vessel, where all depends on his success. If a captain is fortunate, and returns from a profitable voyage, he is a first-rate officer, and stands well for the future, in the eyes of the owners of the vessel. But, if he has experienced unusual hardships, and returns more or less unsuccessful, he is disgraced in his command and thrust aside for some more fortunate man.

This is just the case with trappers in the mountains; whether their fortune may be

The penalty most generally prescribed for such crimes as this on the frontier is death, and we were prepared to shoot the runaways the instant we could get them within range of our rifles.

There was a bright moon, and the sky was clear, so that there was no difficulty in keeping up the pursuit. Near midnight we reached the vicinity of the pass, and were rewarded by catching the glimmer of a camp-fire. I thought they were there, and resolved, if it was so, to make them pay dear for their whistles.

We rode quietly forward, until within a few hundred yards, when we dismounted, tied our horses in a ravine, and made the rest of the way on foot. Advancing with caution, we were soon near enough to the camp-fire to get a fair view of those around it.

No white men were there, but in their places were eighteen or twenty Assiniboine Indians quietly encamped, and so unsuspecting of danger that nothing of any sentinel could be seen.

Having satisfied ourselves on this point, we withdrew to where we had left our horses. I found we had made a mistake, and told my companion we would have to wait until morning before we could do anything more.

Withdrawing to a safe point, we lay down and slept soundly during the remainder of the night, for our horses as well as we needed rest.

In the morning we held a short consultation, and resolved that we would not give up the pursuit so long as there was any prospect of recovering the stolen property.

I was a little afraid they had given us the slip, yet it was possible we had not got ahead of them, in which case we stood a good chance of coming across them; but if we had just missed them—that is, if they were ahead of us in reaching the pass—we might as well give up the chase and return to camp.

With this conviction we rode quietly along, until the greater portion of the forenoon was passed, but not a sign of the runaways could be seen. We began to think that we were on a fruitless errand, and that the most prudent course we could pursue was to make the best time we could back to camp.

The pursuit had led us into the most dangerous portion of the Assiniboine country, where the greatest care was necessary to escape collision with the Indians.

We rode until the sun indicated noon-time, without seeing any signs of the deserters, and then gave up the chase. With the mental resolution to settle the account with them, should we ever meet them, we started back to camp.

In the afternoon we crossed a small stream, and were surprised to find the trail of the deserters. The footprints showed that their animals were being rode at full speed; and a more careful examination of the soft earth along the stream, revealed the fact that they had been pursued by Indians at the time.

The trail led toward a piece of timber about half a mile to the left, and, under the conviction that a fight must have taken place at that point, we put our horses into a gallop and rode toward it.

We were not mistaken in our supposition; for, less than a hundred yards from the edge of the timber, we found all four of their horses stretched upon the ground, perfectly riddled with bullets. The question was, what had become of the men? But I knew they could not have stood it long after their horses were killed; and, thinking to find the bodies of the trappers somewhere near, we searched awhile for them, but could discover no trace.

It was my opinion that they had been captured by the Indians, carried away, and put to death. This was undoubtedly the case, as they were never heard of afterward.

We took the most direct route for our camp, riding along at an easy gallop, and saving the strength of our horses as much as possible. I knew we were in constant danger of an encounter with Indians, and we were obliged to be prudent, and keep our horses in good trim. We did not know how soon we would be obliged to depend upon them for our own safety.

Every little while we came across signs of Indians, but with a little care we avoided them until we had passed over the greatest part of the distance to our camp. We were riding along in a careless manner, talking and laughing with each other, when there suddenly appeared four Indians right ahead of us. They were all well mounted, painted, and decked out in a gaudy manner with feathers, and the dabs upon their faces showed unmistakably that they were upon the war-path.

I did something then which, to an inexperienced person, would seem the height of rashness. As soon as I caught sight of them, I said "Come on," to my companion, and putting spurs to our horses, we were plowing forward at a breakneck rate.

The Indians instantly wheeled, and rode away at the same furious rate, while we were after them, shouting and yelling as loud as we could.

About fifty rods were passed in this manner, when, fully sixty warriors suddenly came to view beneath a hill, where they had been waiting in ambush for us.

We spoke not a word, and my companion looking inquiringly at me, I nodded to signify that we should keep up the chase. It was instant death to turn back, while to advance looked almost as bad. Urging our horses, we kept straight ahead, and made a regular cavalry charge, though on a small scale.

When the Indians saw that we did not intend to retreat, they separated into two divisions, by about the distance of a hundred yards, and holding their riders ready, awaited the moment to empty our two saddles. We bent our heads to our horses' necks, and they strained every nerve. We held our guns in our hands, but did not fire, for in a running fight the great fear of the hunter is that he may find himself dismounted, with an empty rifle, in his hands.

It was a fearful ride. At one time we were within thirty yards of the Indians, who sent the bullets whistling about our ears. Our clothes were literally riddled, and we received several slight wounds; but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence—which, I always called "good luck"—neither of us were seriously injured; neither were our horses more than scratched.

We did not slack up for a moment, and the Indians, continuing the pursuit but a short time, finally withdrew, leaving us to reach our camp in safety.

(To be continued, commenced in No. 120.)



THE CHOUAN.

Such toilet articles as mirrors and razors, with their paraphernalia, are dispensed with; personal beauty being a thing the most to be despised. In lieu thereof, robust health shows itself in the cheek, the eye, and the whole economy of the man. The blood courses through his veins as pure as the water in the mountain streams about him. By this training the mind becomes clear and well balanced, and the whole system reaches a condition which far surpasses the finest constructed machinery.

Like all men in constant peril and excitement, the trapper finds a strange fascination in his dangerous career, though the rifles and arrows of bloodthirsty savages make it a constant race with death. They adopt the dress and habits of the Indians, buying one or more squaws to lighten their labors and "bear their dusky race." During the winter, visiting his traps twice a day, the trapper is often compelled to break the ice, and wade in the water up to his waist. Notwithstanding these hardships, sickness is unknown among them.

When a trapper dies, there is a general time of mourning among all other trappers, who may hear of his death; if he is one whom they have ever met, he is mourned in true mountain style.

I say "mountain style" in contradistinction to the mourning seen among civilized communities, because, with the trappers, when the death of a comrade is deplored, his good deeds alone are celebrated; and over his foibles, whatever they may have been, is cast the broad mantle of charity, and his evil deeds are interred with his bones.

In so-called enlightened communities there prevails a deep-seated custom of perpetuating all that is derogatory to a man's fair fame, and burying all that was honorable or praiseworthy, so deep in the oblivion of the grave, that few ever hear of them.

Give me the mountaineer, despite all the opprobrium that is cast upon his name, for in him you have a man of chivalrous feeling, ready to divide his last morsel with a distressed fellow-trapper, and equally ready to yield the last drop of his blood in defense of his brother